ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick, whose work as a wonder
Is the theme of oration and song,
Was a diligent, true son of thunder
In an age of oppression and wrong.
While the doctrine of loving each other
Lay dormant and dead from its birth,
And no man called his fellow his brother
On the face of God's beautiful earth;

While envy and terror and battle
Drove men to the brink of despair,
Reduced them to dumb driven cattle
Or the plane of the beast in his lair,
This shepherd and son of the mountain,
In prayer, 'neath the sunset of even,
Slaked his thirst at Jehovah's own fountain,
Lit his lamp at the altar of heaven.

That bright little isle of the ocean,
Old Erin, the home of the brave,
Still remembers St. Patrick's devotion
And treasures the gift that he gave,
And her sons in the deepest recesses
Of civilization and fame
Come forth on this day with their tresses
And weave a bright wreath for his name.

—Thomas Baird.

LADY MONTAGU'S SHAMROCK.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

On St. Patrick's day, in the year of grace 1867, only a little crowd mustered on Cork hill to watch the time honored military pageant called the trooping of the colors. Lady Montagu, as she drove up to the castle gates in her magnificent carriage and pair, appeared to be quite disappointed. Turning to her handsome escort, Major Lascelles of the Horse Guards Blue, she said, with a coquettish attempt at a frown: "And is this the great mirth provoking spectacle you have promised me—the crowd of mad revelers and noisy wits? Why, Major Lascelles, these poor creatures look more like mourners than merrymakers!"

"Your ladyship is unquestionably right," replied the officer. "I must plead guilty to a great mistake. I forgot that there had been an abortive insurrection this year. The people are sullen. I suppose they do not like the idea of their leaders being in prison awaiting trial."

"Very naturally. If that is the explanation, I respect them for it, my dear major. You told me that they advanced before the vice regal people and made an exhibition of themselves when the lord lieutenant and his party flung sixpences in the gutter for them to pick up."

SHE DID NOT WISH TO COMMIT HERSELF.

"And I have seen some of them do it, your ladyship, on other Patrick's days. They used to dance and demonstrate in the castle yard until we were tired watching their fooling."

"You gave me a wrong idea of an Irish crowd, I must say," replied the disappointed beauty. "I've seen people at Epsom races behave like fantastic idiots, and they were London people mostly."

Major Lascelles looked a little sheepish. It was no light matter for him to have the rich and beautiful Lady Montagu, the cynosure of the court circle, find that she had been misled even in so small a thing as this by his assurances.

"Appearances are sometimes misleading, your ladyship," he began to stammer, when his confusion was relieved by the stoppage of the coach and the sound of a high pitched male voice, rich with the raciest of Liffey brogues, calling:

"Green shamrocks, sweet lady! Will you buy a shamrock to make you purtier?"

He saw that Lady Montagu smiled, while her eyes and her parted lips betrayed a sort of pleased curiosity. Mentally he blessed the winsome face and the musical twang which had brought so welcome a diversion.

The extended hand—a small yet not overclean one—held up temptingly a pretty bunch of Ireland's legendary symbol. He looked inquiringly at the fair face beside him.

"Yes," said Lady Montagu, "I will take the shamrock, and, what's more, I'll wear it today."

A look of astonishment for an instant flashed from the major's eyes, but there was something in the face of the imperious beauty beside him that checked the exclamation he was about to utter. It was widely known that Lady Montagu was willful and in her moods did freakish things that made the fashionable world lift its eyebrows in mild surprise.

Opposite were the iron gates of the castle. Two scarlet coated soldiers held them open, ready to close them as soon as the equipage had passed inside.

The driver whipped his horses on, and the vender of the shamrocks was nearly swept under the wheels, so sudden was the movement. She was agile, fortunately, and quickly sprang to the curbstone, running after the vehicle till the iron gates and the peremptory "Halt!" of the armed sentry stopped her.

"Please let the woman in," said Lady Montagu, speaking to the guard from the carriage window as they prepared to close the gates. "I wish to have a bunch of shamrocks."

The guards looked at each other, smiling, but hesitating. They had strict orders to admit none of the crowd.

"It is all right, men," said Major Lascelles authoritatively. "Do as the lady wishes."

His uniform, the rich one of field officer of the Queen's household troops, bespoke his rank. Major Lascelles, too, was known to be a friend of the colonel of the men's regiment. He knew what his order meant—transference of responsibility from them to himself. In a moment the woman was inside, and the gates were again closed and bolted.

Lady Montagu looked around. It was the first time she had been inside Dublin castle. She saw a great quadrangular courtyard before her, with lines of scarlet coated infantry forming three-fourths of a hollow square. In the center of this square stood a towering sergeant major, erect and motionless as a pillar, holding in his hands the festooned colors of the regiment on guard at the castle. A drummer and a bugler—mere lads both—stood in front of the standard bearer.

A second quadrangle, away beyond this, revealed itself through an archway in the midst of a long line of imposing buildings, and this space, Lady Montagu saw, was also filled with troops. Casting her glance backward, she noticed that heavy armor plates were bolted to the upright bars of the iron gates, and that two field guns stood on the side paths, their muzzles pointing to the street outside.

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the drawing room goddess as she took in these warlike portents in a comprehensive glance, "the place looks as if it were in a state of siege! Major Lascelles, do you think there is any likelihood of real fighting?"

"I am sorry to say I do not," he answered, smiling at her alarm. "They are only making a show of military preparation to overawe the people. Now, my lass, those shamrocks!" he called to the girl after he had handed the lady from the carriage.

He took the little wreath, and with a graceful bow handed it to Lady Montagu. A goldpiece dropped into the girl's hand, with a haughty wave at her suggestion of change, elicited a litany of fervent aspirations for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the beautiful lady and himself which made them both laugh heartily.

They stood in a wide porch, above which is a long balcony, on which the first floor windows of the vice regal mansion open out. The girl of the shamrocks as she moved away turned her eyes upward and exclaimed: "Well, God bless the ould times, whin we could all dance till we were tired in this big place, and the fine ladies and gentlemen 'u'd look on from up there—aye, and often get up a jig, too, themselves! Them were the days when there was fashions of money, but they were too good to last. I've seen many a fine lord and lady up there, but never as lovely as your ladyship and his honor there. God forever bless you both and send you luck and"—

Here she paused, for she evidently did not wish to commit herself to any decided opinion as to the relations [illegible] which, in her mind, her benefactors stood toward each other. Her hesitation and her ingenuous look of doubt and fear of offending against the proprieties again caused them to laugh in unfeigned enjoyment of the situation.

Leaving them to enjoy their mirth, the girl turned away and crossed the square behind the lines of armed men. As she did so she glanced up in the direction of the row of old fashioned houses which front the castle on Cork hill, and the topmost windows of which command a view of the courtyard. Those houses were kept under close surveillance lest they might be utilized for an attack on the lord lieutenant, the Marquis of Abercorn. A detective stood at the door of each, and a corps of special officers, posted in different disguises on Cork hill, watched every window, every man carrying a loaded revolver in his pocket ready to open a fusillade at the smallest symptom of danger.

In all those windows but one there was no sign of life. The heads of two little girls could be seen looking down on the scene below, laughing and talking evidently in the careless, happy way of childhood at each movement of the people and the mounted police outside the castle gates.

A very redheaded little maiden one of these children was. There was nothing peculiar about the other.

Behind the backs of the troops the girl with the shamrocks picked her way until she had gained the edge of the archway opening on the upper castle yard. Here she paused and looked up toward the window where the children were playing. Then she slowly raised

"TALBOT!" EXCLAIMED THE GIRL UNDER HER BREATH.

her basket and placed it on her head and passed under the arch.

The red head simultaneously disappeared from the window.

It is in the lower castle yard that the famous Dublin police have their headquarters. A couple of hundred of these gigantic representatives of the law are lodged close to the cavalry barrack, and across the roadway is the police commissioner's office. It was toward this

place that the shamrock lassie directed her steps.

A couple of herculean fellows were lounging about the door, displaying their proficiency in the difficult art of doing nothing and yet seeming to be deeply occupied mentally and physically. To these the girl seemed to be well known, for they received her pleasantly, and she had no difficulty in wheedling them into buying some of her verdant wares.

"Sure, it's against the rules," said one of them, "to wear the blessed flower, but you'd coax the birds off the bushes, Nelly O'Dowd, with them cherry lips and sky blue eyes of yours."

"No matter," replied the laughing maiden roguishly. "Sure, you'll be 'drawing your shamrock' when you get off duty, and how could you do that, I'd like to know, unless you had the shamrock to drown?"

The men laughed heartily at this conundrum. Nelly O'Dowd was astute enough to seize the advantage their good humor afforded her.

"Can't I go in to see the chief," she said in her most seductive tones, "just for a moment only? Who knows but I might get a half crown from him for one of my bunches of shamrocks!"

"No, you can't—not this way," replied one of the giants, "but whisper"—and he stooped down and lowered his voice—"the side door around the corner is only on the latch. Slip in there, and you'll catch him in his private office. Nobody will get any blame for that, for we can pretend we never saw you."

"Oh, you're a jewel, sorra a thing less!" exclaimed the girl warmly as she [illegible] may soon have the three V's!" [Bands of gold lace on the arm, denoting the rank of sergeant.]

She waved a kiss and smiled a witch spell at the good natured giants as she disappeared, and they laughed lazily and looked after her longingly.

"Nelly is a brick," said one. "She's gone in to try to coax the chief about that boy of hers."

"And I wouldn't wonder if she succeeded," responded the other. "She's the biggest deluctherer I ever came across. Ould Nick himself couldn't refuse her anything."

"I think she has the four leaved shamrock. But Talbot is with the chief now, and that's one chance against her."

The girl meanwhile had entered the hall leading to the office of the chief of police. She knocked, but received no answer, for just then all the regimental bands were crashing out "God Save the Queen," and the roar of the martial music drowned all other sounds. "They'll follow this up with 'Patrick's Day,'" said Nelly to herself, "and play other things besides, now that the lord lieutenant is coming out. I'll make bould and turn the handle."

Suiting the action to the word, she pushed the door open and went in. The music completely covered the movement.

A tall screen cut the room, a large one, in two. There was no one in the portion in which the girl found herself, but she heard voices on the other side. An armchair and an office table littered with papers were the sole furniture and a couple of large maps the sole decorations. On a tray beside the inkstand lay what appeared to be an ordinary egg. It made the girl smile. Such an object in the office of the chief of police seemed to her very ridiculous. But the smile soon became lost in the look of eager interest which flashed into her face with the first words she caught from inside.

"It must be done, Talbot. We'll never get juries to convict unless we can show them these men are the desperate villains we say."

"Talbot!" exclaimed the girl under her breath. "That's the spy they say is swearing in men himself to get the blood money."

"Well, if you say it must, chief, must it is, I suppose. But how do you propose to do it?"

"You must get some fellow of nerve, like yourself. You must not risk your own life in the matter, for you're too valuable just now. When the lord lieutenant is going to the theater, he must be at hand with a bomb. College green will be the best place, I think. 'Tis widest there."

"A bomb! That wouldn't be easy to handle, I'm afraid—too bulky, I mean."

"Leave that to me. I've a little thing on the table inside, a new affair called nitroglycerin, a harmless looking little thing. You wouldn't know it from an egg, but 'twould blow up this house, for all that, if you threw it on the floor."

Nelly's eyes dilated, and her breath seemed for a moment lost, but only for a moment. Ere the look of horror had faded from her face she had seized the infernal object, exchanged it for one of a couple of eggs in her basket, which she had bought for her midday meal, and covered it up with the other in tufts of shamrock.

"But if any mishap occurs the lord lieutenant might be hurt."

"No; we'll take care of that. He will be informed before he starts that there is a plot. You see, he's so soft hearted he'll never believe these Fenian fellows are so bad as we want him to believe."

"Yes, I know. But what then? When he hears this, he won't go, and where's the fun then?"

"You must take his place. You're just his height and build, and all you want is the long whiskers. Get a pair made and pick out your man and then you can arrange the job between you so that the explosion can take place where neither of you will be hurt."

"But the escort may cut him down with their sabers."

"You see to that. You can jump out of the carriage and play the hero, rescue him from the soldiers and hand him over to the police."

"Egad, it's a bright idea," cried the spy, laughing heartily, "and it suits my fancy. The job that has a dash of danger in it is just the one that suits me best. What money is there in it, chief?"

"A hundred pounds apiece for you and your partner. Only take care he's not one to blab."

"Blab! If he did, he'd never live to swear to it," laughed the truculent bravo. "Oh, no! Any one that does any work for Talbot knows the sort of man he is."

"All right, then. Wait till I give you the bomb."

Nelly stepped back a pace or two, her hand on the door handle, as though she had just come in. There was no time to think of any means of escape.

The chief, as he came in, looked at her darkly and wonderingly. "Who are you, and what the devil brought you here?" he said gruffly.

"Not to sell shamrocks," she answered firmly, "but to make a bargain. I've something to tell you that you'd give £1,000 to hear."

He looked at her keenly. He was a man of discernment, and he knew that the girl was serious.

"Wait here a moment," he said, taking the egg off the tray and disappearing behind the screen.

Terrible as the situation was, the girl could not repress a triumphant smile as he went out. So beautifully laid a plot and so ridiculously frustrated! This was what she thought.

"Well, what have you got to say to me?" queried the functionary when he reappeared. "Be quick. I must be off to look after the levee."

"'Tis about poor Jack Darcy, sir. His mother is dying—dying of a broken heart—all on his account. Sure the poor boy did nothing."

"Um!" muttered the chief. "He was one of those taken at Tallaght, and he can give us valuable information, for he's in the inside swim."

"But he won't!" she exclaimed vehemently. "He'd rather die first, and we'd rather see him dead too!"

"We!" he exclaimed, looking at her curiously. "What interest have you got in him, pray?"

"We're engaged to be married, sir," she replied, blushing and dropping her eyes; "but, poor as I am, I'd never marry one who was so bad as to be an informer."

"Ah, and so that's the kind of a girl you are? Well, you'll have to postpone your wedding—maybe for ten years." He folded his arms and smiled grimly as he said this.

"She uttered a great cry, for she knew what these ominous words meant. Then she fell on her knees on the floor and sobbed piteously. Stolid as he was, he eyed her half pityingly.

"You said you had something to tell me," he said. "Give over and let me hear it."

"Well, it's this," she replied, rising defiantly—"that if you don't show mercy to Jack Darcy his mad brother Will is sworn to have blood, and that'll be today. He's sworn on the Bible to kill the lord lieutenant—he's in a place where he can do it—and when he hears that there's no chance for Jack he'll shoot him. He was niver in his sinses, sir, and the sight of the ould mother dying has made him mad out and out."

The officer started. He stepped back a pace and looked at the girl sternly. Her gaze met his unfalteringly. There was truth in her tear dimmed eyes.

"You are fooling me," he said sternly. "Do you think I'm a child to be frightened at this old woman's story?"

"As God is looking at me," she cried passionately, "'tis the gospel truth! Now, I've warned you, and you know what to do."

"I cannot do it," he replied after a pause. "My duty is to keep my prisoner. Now, go away."

She turned a despairing glance upon his face. She saw he meant what he said. All the dogged policeman's spirit was written on his face.

"Well, I've one card left yet," she said. "I'll force my way somehow into the lord lieutenant's presence and tell him of his danger. He'll surely grant me Jack Darcy's liberty for saving his own life. And while I'm at it I'll just let him know what you and that villain Talbot have just concocted between you. I overheard every word of it."

"You shan't stir a step out of this, you jade!" he cried furiously. "You're a prisoner!"

He made a stride toward the girl to seize her.

"Hold off! Go back, on your life!" she retorted. "Another step, and I'll blow you sky high! See! Your infernal machine!"

She had plucked the bomb from her basket and held it ready to drop on the hearthstone.

His face blanched instantly. Impulsively he retreated totteringly toward the screen.

"Don't, for God's sake!" he jerked out. "I give in. Jack Darcy will be out in an hour if you swear not to tell what you know."

"I do swear it, so help me God, if you keep your word," she replied. "But I'll keep the bomb to prevent mischief."

In a moment she was gone. The chief sank helplessly into a chair, great cold beads of perspiration standing on his brow.

While this brief drama was being enacted the lord lieutenant and his lady had been receiving their visitors.

Lady Montagu and her escort were of the party. She had been presented at court, and therefore needed no formal introduction now. Major Lascelles was there by right as one of the viceroy's aids. Her ladyship knew many of the party and was soon the center of a brilliant circle.

Her beauty made her conspicuous even in a company of women many of whom were famous for their graces. The lord lieutenant himself paid her marked attention, much to the chagrin of Major Lascelles.

The clock struck 12. It was time for the vice regal party to appear on the balcony, according to immemorial usage.

"Oh, I have lost my shamrock!" cried Lady Montagu as the party moved forward. "Oh, what shall I do for the dear little flower?"

"If you will accept mine, you will honor me by wearing it," said the vice-

"DON'T, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" HE JERKED OUT.

roy, bowing gallantly and presenting her with a bunch fastened with a diamond aigret.

She accepted the gift with a profound courtesy, whose grace was as fuel to the fire in Major Lascelles' heart. He looked so envious when her eyes met his an instant later that she could not help smiling. "Why did you not give me your shamrock, major?" she said banteringly.

"I would give you my life," he said sotto voce. "But, alas, I was fool enough to think there was nothing in the shamrock when I might have won the fairest rose in all the garden with one."

As the vice regal party stepped upon the balcony the bands again thundered out the British national anthem. In the window where the two children's heads had been noticed the ruddy curls of the one which had disappeared were again visible.

"They're coming out now," whispered a man who was crouching beneath the window sill, his hands fiercely clutching a rifle. "Look out, Kitty, for the man who wears a shamrock among 'em!"

The fire of lunacy was in his eyes. The children felt a vague terror, though they did not divine his purpose.

"I see no man with a shamrock there," said the little girl, "but I see ladies wearing them."

"Look again, Kitty. Maybe he's not come out yet."

"Ah, I see a servant bringing a big bunch and handing it to a gentleman," replied the watcher.

The man rose and told the children to go down stairs. His face, white, wild and hard set, appeared above the window sill.

At that moment the castle gates were flung open and a woman darted out. She cast one glance up at the window and saw the face and saw a rifle barrel. No one else in the crowd saw these.

She stood in the center of the roadway and waved her arm wildly at the window. "Don't, Will!" she shrieked. "I've saved him! Jack is free!"

The face and weapon disappeared from the window, and the woman fell in a heap on the stone pavement. The people thought her a crazed thing or mayhap drunk, but they little dreamed that the shamrock she had sold to Lady Montagu had saved the viceroy's life. But that was exactly what happened on St. Patrick's day in 1867.

HIS SWEETEST SONG.

THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

His Early Life In England—His Evolution of the Melody That Is Known All Over the World—Sketch of Nicholls Crouch, the Remarkable Composer.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.
Kathleen Mavourneen! What! Slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, has thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever.
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.
It may be for years, and it may be forever.
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

"He died with a song upon his lips." Such is the brief obituary line of the

NICHOLLS CROUCH.

composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and 2,000 other ballads. His life was an eventful romance from the first chapter to the last.

A famous writer has said: "There is no eloquence that thrills like Irish eloquence; there is no poetry that touches like Irish poetry; there is no wit so keen as Irish wit; there is no melody so sweet and plaintive as Irish melodies."

Professor F. Nicholls Crouch, F. R. S. (such was his habitual autograph), was born in Warren street, Fitzroy square, Marylebone, parish of St. Pancras, London, on July 21, 1808.

At 21 he was violoncellist before Rossini, and a little later he was at Drury Lane, in London, famous and accomplished. There he wrote his first songs, "Zephyrs of Love" for Miss Annie Tree and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for the celebrated Mme. Malibran. There, too, he formed an acquaintance with John Howard Payne, and when that equally unfortunate genius produced his opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the orchestra was directed by Crouch. In this opera "Home, Sweet Home," was sung for the first time on any stage.

It was Mrs. Crawford's pen—for the words are hers—that gave to the musician the inspiration of his best song:

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

He had seen the little poem in a British magazine, or the authoress sent it to him (Crouch himself was doubtful), and he was impressed with the rhythmic beauty of the lines and the tender pathos of the theme. They kept jingling in his brain, and one day, while riding about the grounds of the Duke of Bedford's castle, at Engley, near the banks of the beautiful stream Tamar, in Devonshire, he evolved the melody that was destined to be sung by countless generations and in almost every tongue.

When he returned to his lodgings, he completed the song. This was in 1835. It was first sung by himself at a little concert in Plymouth, and later he presented the score and copyright to Mrs. Peter Roen, the wife of a music dealer in that English town, of whom he was very fond. The house of Roen failed, and their effects passed into the possession of D'Almaine & Co. of London, who issued numerous editions of the melody. With this were connected "Dermot Astore," "Their Marriage" and "Death of Dermot," the quartet forming a history of Irish love and romance.

An unfortunate marriage drove him to the United States. In Portland, Me.,

CROUCH'S BIRTHPLACE.

which he frequently revisited, being there last on his eighty-seventh birthday, he taught music from 1849 to 1856.

Personally he was stalwart and broad shouldered, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, with wondrous black eyes that age never dimmed. The hair clung tenaciously to his scalp, and, with his long, drooping mustache, was until a few years ago coal black in color and of silky texture. He did not look to be over 60 years of age and was an embodiment of physical vigor till near the end. In his youth and middle age he must have been a singularly handsome man. The memory of him is that of a musical prodigy, for his compositions fill nine volumes.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

THE INAUGURATION.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY INSTALLED IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Escort of the Presidential Party from the White House to the Capital Building—Hobart Assumes the Chair in the Senate Which Adjourns and Reconvenes.

Washington, March 4.—"William McKinley, president of the United States," is the way he signs himself at this writing. It was done quickly—a raised right hand, head uncovered, a few words reverently uttered—and William McKinley, citizen, was William McKinley, president. The ceremonies that led up to this climax began with the departure of President Cleveland and President-elect McKinley and Vice President-elect Hobart and the senate committee of arrangements, and their escort of 5,000 troops, from the White House for the Capitol, where the oath of office was administered to the new chief executive. Major McKinley drove over from the Ebbitt House to the executive mansion at 10:30 today, and met the president in his private office. The presidential party, with its escort of United States troops, Troop A, of Cleveland, and the District National Guard, left the White House at 11 o'clock and reached the Capitol shortly before noon.

Proceedings in the Senate Chamber.

Vice President Stevenson did not accompany his successor, the vice president-elect, as Stevenson was engaged in presiding over the session of the senate. Hobart, instead, was accompanied by the senate committee of arrangements, consisting of Sherman, Elkins and Mitchell. At the Capitol the president and other officials, the president

VICE PRESIDENT HOBART TAKING THE OATH.

and vice president-elect assembled in the senate chamber, the members of the supreme court and of the senate and house being present. Vice President Stevenson administered the oath of office to Hobart, and at the stroke of 12 declared the senate of the Fifty-fourth congress adjourned without day. The new vice president, an extra session of the senate having been called, then administered the oath to the newly elected senators.

The senate then took recess, and the procession moved to the stand at the east portico in front of the rotunda. President Cleveland and President-elect McKinley leading. On the stand the oath of office was administered to President-elect McKinley by Chief Justice Fuller. President McKinley then made his inaugural address. On concluding he returned to the president's room in the senate wing of the Capitol, and from there he was escorted to the White House by the inaugural parade.

Points in the Inaugural Address.

President McKinley's inaugural address takes up finances first and says that our system needs revision; that the currency should remain "under the supervision of the government," but that the several forms of paper currency are an "embarrassment to the government and a safe balance in the treasury." The first thing to this end, however, he says is the securing of adequate revenue. A word is said for economy of expenditures. The best way for a government to keep out of debt, he says, is "through an adequate income, secured by a system of taxation, external or internal, or both." The bulk of this income should be secured by taxing imports, direct taxation being avoided except in time of war.

MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

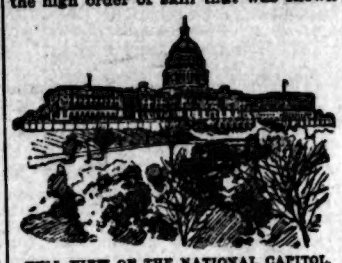
"In the revision of tariff, especial attention should be given to the re-enactment and extension of the reciprocity principle of the law of 1890," he says, and adds that legislation helpful to the producer is beneficial to all. "Lynching must not be tolerated" is another clause in the inaugural, and mob law must go. He advocates legislation against trusts; improvement of the immigration laws to keep out the illiterate and vicious; civil service reform—real, not perfunctory.

On foreign affairs he says our policy is non-intervention; a firm and dignified policy; no wars of conquest; no territorial agression. He advocates the ratification of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty and urges that it be speedy. He closes with the statement that he will convene congress on March 15, and with a congratulation to the country on its fraternal spirit everywhere apparent.

Reviewed by the New President.

It was a little after 3 o'clock when the new president and his predecessor reached the White House through cheering crowds, escorted by the Black Horse Troopers, of Cleveland. In the Blue Room Cleveland took formal leave of his successor and bidding good-bye to all who were present left the mansion, and in company with Captain Robley D. Evans, of the navy, drove to the Seventh street wharf to take the lighthouse tender Maple for a ten days' fishing trip in the Carolina sounds. He had nothing to say as he went aboard save that he was bound for North Carolina, and when an Associated Press reporter asked how long he would be gone jocosely remarked "There's no hurry."

The city never saw such a perfect parade as that which escorted President McKinley from the Capitol to the White House and then passed in review under his eye. The feature of the splendid pageant was the perfect balance between its contrasting parts and the high order of skill that was shown



FULL VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

in the handling of the 20,000 or more men that stepped along or bestrode the splendid steeds that danced and reared their way in the parade. It was the universal opinion that there was just enough and not one bit too much of any one class of paraders. There was no long-drawn-out massing of uniformly attired regular troops or militia, pleasing enough to the military eye, but wearisome to the spectators who made up the vast crowd.

President McKinley reviewed the parade from a stand erected on the avenue in front of the White House grounds. When he stepped into the stand to review the parade he was received with tumultuous cheers from the tens of thousands of his fellow citizens who crowded the streets and acres of viewing stands in the vicinity. His wife and mother and their party had preceded him by half an hour or more, and were shown to the seats which had been reserved for them just back of the little projecting platform to be occupied by him while the procession was passing. He was accompanied by vice president Hobart.

The Inaugural Ball.

The night crowned the glory of the auguration. The residences and public buildings were aflame with lights, the streets were still crowded with people, the clamoring multitudes still battled at dining room doors of hotels and restaurants demanding food and drink; countless thousands surged to and fro in front of the moument grounds, whence arose the chromatic fireworks that lighted the city in fitful gleams, but it was at the brilliantly illuminated pension building that politics paid its tribute to society. There the distinguished guests of the occasion paid homage to President McKinley and the new mistress of the White House, and later threaded the mazes of the dance.

The presidential party arrived at the ball at a quarter before 10 o'clock, but

PENSION BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

they came in so quietly at the main entrance on the south side of the building that only those gathered about the door were aware of their presence. The party was ushered up the main staircase to the second floor, where a suit of rooms was reserved for them.

The party entered a supper room at the west end of the building, especially reserved and decorated for them. Here they partook of light refreshments. In a few minutes they emerged from the supper room and returned, as they had come, through an aisle cleared for them. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley immediately entered their carriage and were driven back to the White House. It was shortly after 11 o'clock when they took their departure. The ball was now formally opened. Later, supper was served and the remainder of the evening was given up to the dancing as the crowd had thinned out sufficiently to permit it.

PERSONNEL OF THE CABINET.

All the Portfolios Now Given Out—Inaugural Preliminaries.

The chief event of Wednesday was the definite completion of the cabinet which probably will be sent to the senate on Friday for confirmation by that body as required by the constitution. The last name added to the list was that of Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, who will become secretary of the interior. He declined a cabinet proffer some days ago, but yielded yesterday to the pressure of his friends. It was reported that Bliss had consented to serve six months only, but it can be stated on authority that the appointment was accepted without conditions. The new cabinet, therefore, will be made up as follows:

Secretary of State—John Sherman, of Ohio.

Secretary of the Treasury—Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois.

Secretary of War—Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.

Attorney General—Joseph McKenna, of California.

Postmaster General—James A. Gary, of Maryland.

Secretary of the Navy—John D. Long, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior—Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York.

Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, of Iowa.

Chicago Newspaper Founder Dead.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 8.—John M. Dandy, founder of the Chicago Saturday Evenig Herald, died Saturday evening at the home of his brother, after a brief illness. Several weeks ago Mr. Dandy contracted a severe cold in Chicago and upon the advice of his physicians he came to Los Angeles to recuperate.

Ohio Postoffice Robbed.

Ravenna, O., March 8.—Robbers broke into the postoffice here early yesterday morning by sawing the bars of the windows of the mailing room. The safe was blown open with dynamite, and between $500 and $600 in money and stamps was taken

CAIRO VISITED BY A TORNADO.

Baby Burned to Death in the Ruins of a Residence.

Cairo, Ills., March 6.—A storm struck Cairo from the southwest at 5:30 a. m. yesterday, accompanied by rain and heavy thunder, with continuous flashes of vivid lightning. The residence of James Darnell was in the track of the storm and was entirely demolished and all the occupants more or less hurt. The ruins caught fire, but the fire companies and heavy rain prevented it spreading to other buildings. The badly wounded were Mrs. James Darnell, back broken; Mrs. Cary, injured internally, will probably die: Sol Pettis' child was burned to death, but the others in the house escaped with slight injuries.

A great deal of damage through roofs and skylights being blown off was caused by floods of water. The principal buildings damaged were the Douglass high school, roof of one wing blown off; Lutheran church just completed, cupola blown down; Gilbert block damaged $200; falling chimney crushed the slate roof of the First Missionary Baptist church. The storm was very severe south on the river. The steamer Buckeye State came into port with the tops of both chimneys blown off. No serious damage is reported from the country.

Chicago, March 6.—Dispatches from Illinois points report the worst rain storm for years. At Vandalia, over six inches of water fell in less than six hours. All the streams are out of their banks and many bridges are washed away. The Okaw bottoms are a sea of water. Many families residing in this district were rescued in boats. Considerable live stock perished and hundreds of rods of fencing were washed away. At Lawrenceville, the heaviest rain ever known fell. The Embarrass river rose eleven feet in ten hours and the latest reports say Sumner, Bridgeport, Pinkstaff and Birds are under dater.

ILLINOIS WANTS THE CONTROL.

Of the Grain Business at East St. Louis, Instead of Missouri.

Springfield, Ills., March 8.—The state railroad and warehouse commissioners returned from St. Louis, where they held a conference with the Missouri railroad and warehouse commission upon matters concerning the grain department at East St. Louis. Ever since the grain business was established at East St. Louis the board of trade has had charge of the work of inspection, handling, etc. The two commissions decided that the Illinois commission should take steps toward securing control of the work at East St. Louis.

The Illinois commission has the matter under advisement. The idea of having so important a business under control of a corporation in an adjoining state, and operated by men whose every interest are connected with other states made the determination of the conference the more strong to break up the practice and have the grain business of East St. Louis controlled by the Illinois railroad commission.

Death of Senator Wells.

Quincy, Ills., March 6.—Senator Albert W. Wells, for twelve years a member of the state legislature, and present Democratic leader and chairman of the caucus and steering committees in the upper house, died yesterday morning. He had suffered from corosis of the liver for some time. He was born at Woodstock, Conn., May 9, 1833, and served in a New Jersey regiment during the war. He was graduated from Columbia college and settled in Quincy as a lawyer in 1870. He leaves three brothers and a sister in the east, and a wife and three children here. He was president of the Quincy board of education, and director in half a dozen corporations and one of the most prominent and best-known politicians in the west. He will be buried Sunday.

Elevator at Peoria Destroyed.

Peoria, Ills., March 5.—At 10 o'clock last night Union elevator No. 2, capacity, 1,000,000 bushels, and the property of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, was destroyed by fire of unknown origin, with its contents of nearly 900,000 bushels of grain. The loss is estimated at close to $350,000, but no statement of insurance can be given. The grain was owned by several firms in this city. T. A. Grier & Co., being the heaviest losers.

New City Hall for Peoria.

Peoria, Ills., March 9.—The city council has just completed the annual appropriation bill, which, it is expected, will be passed at the next meeting of the council. It appropriates more than $500,000, of which $125,000 is for the building of a new city hall. This is for the building, without any furniture.

Reception to A. E. Stevenson.

Bloomington, Ills., March 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson will be given a reception in Cooper hall this evening by the citizens of Bloomington. It is to be a non-partisan welcome by old friends, and each old friend will pay $1.25 toward the welcome, which includes a banquet.

Inundation at Galena.

Galena, Ills., March 9.—For the third time in a year the river is in Galena's streets. Heavy and warm rain melted the snow and the streams hereabouts are all out of their banks.

State Notes.

Charles F. Strong, the Rockford, Ills., "healer," has been sued for divorce. His wife charges extreme cruelty and non-support.

Lucius Bugbee, of Evanston, Ills., has been chosen class president by the seniors of Boston university.

Fire at Casey, Ills., burned over an hour, destroyed or damaged a dozen buildings and cost the town about $200,000, partly insured.

A young man, giving his name as August Gibbs, of Monee, Ills., jumped from a train near Pomeroy, Ia., with suicidal intention. He then slashed his throat and wrist with his pocket knife. He will probable recover.

Low Lands at Des Moines Flooded.

Des Moines, Ia., March 9.—Both rivers here have been rising rapidly since Sunday night and the low lands above the city are now flooded. The rains are still falling in northern Iowa. The ice in the rivers is at least eighteen inches thick.

Strike at Cleveland Settled.

Cleveland, March 9.—The strike at the Globe Iron shipyards was settled yesterday, the men returning to work upon a minimum wage of $1.50 per day. The demand for union recognition was compromised.

PEACE WITH HONOR.

KING GEORGE RECOGNIZES THE GRAVITY OF THE CASE,

But Autonomy Under the Turk Declared Not a Remedy for Crete's Troubles—Is Willing to Withdraw His Fleet, but Not His Troops.

Athens, March 9.—The reply of Greece to the identical notes of the powers has been sent to London and the other Europeans capitals. It is conciliatory in tone, fully recognizing the important objects the powers have in view, and offering to withdraw her fleet from Cretan waters. Greece, however, points to the fact that it is impossible for her to withdraw her troops from that island, in view of the danger of further massacres. On the other hand, Greece offers to place her troops in Crete under the control of the powers, in order that they may be available for the restoration of order. Referring to the statements made to the effect that the Cretans prefer autonomy to annexation to Greece, the government of Greece suggests that the Cretans be allowed to choose their own government.

Autonomy Not a Pacificator.

Greece, the reply adds, is convinced that autonomy will not pacify Crete, and that another chapter in the horrors of Mussulman fanaticism will be added to the six periods of anarchy which have already decimated the island. Continuing, the reply says it is impossible, in view of the past, to advise the Cretans to lay down their arms, holding that this advice would not be obeyed even if tendered. The Greek reply says that since the foreign ships preserve order in Crete and prevent the landing of Turkish troops the presence of the Greek ships is unecessary; but it is explained that the Greek army cannot leave the Christians to the risk of Mussulman fanaticism and the Turkish troops.

The Greek government holds that order in Crete would be immediately restored if the powers would have confidence in the Greek troops and permit them to join in the work of pacifying the island. It is understood that the foreign admirals have recommended the occupation of the Cretan ports by one battalion of infantry from each of the powers.

Great Excitement at Athens.

On the text of the reply becoming generally known through the city the populace exhibited great excitement and on all sides there were heated discussions of the consequences likely to follow. The warship Hydra already has been called from Cretan waters, leaving only two small Greek vessels in that quarter. This is regarded as a virtual yielding to the powers so far as the fleet is concerned. It is hard, however, that the powers cannot now shut the door against further negotiations. The cabinet, it is understood, was unanimous as to the terms of the reply, the text of which was the personal work of the king. The offer to place the Greek forces in Crete under a foreign general indicates the readiness of the government to regard the forces as gendarmerie to assist the foreign marines in restoring order.

Kaiser's Ship Gets a Hot Reply.

New York, March 9.—A special to The Herald from Constantinople says: According to a telegraphic communication received here from Crete, a rumor is circulating there that the German ironclad Kaiserin Augusta, after having fired a blank shot as a signal to the Greek iron-clad Hydra to discontinue her course, received a full broadside from the Hydra.

Canea, March 9.—Last evening the foreign admirals notified the Greek vice consul that he must leave Crete. They also wired to their respective governments for the immediate dispatch of 600 men to maintain order in the large towns. It is reported that the siege of Candamo has been raised and that the Mussulmans have gone to Palikosa, where they are safe.

DEATH COMES TO HER AT LAST.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher Is Gathered to the Great Majority.

Stamford, Conn., March 9.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher died yesterday, the tenth anniversary of the death of her famous husband. She was 85 years of age. Mrs. Beecher had been sinking steadily since Saturday noon, and during the twenty-four hours preceding her demise, had been unconscious. William Beecher, one of her sons, reached Stamford Saturday evening and remained until Sunday night when he left for New York. Her death was feared, but her marvelous constitution had so frequently enabled her to rally from sinking spells that her son deemed it safe to leave his mother's bedside. At the deathbed yesterday morning were gathered the family of Rev. Samuel Scoville, including the clergyman, his wife, who is the daughter of Mrs. Beecher, and Mrs. Scoville's two children, a daughter and son, and Mrs. Bullard, of Massachusetts, a niece of Mrs. Beecher.

Chicago Strikers Are Winners.

Chicago, March 9.—Striking hod-carriers and plasterers have practically won their strike against the bosses, and the first serious labor trouble of the season has been amicably adjusted. Nearly 900 men went out on strike yesterday morning as a result of the notice of reduction of wages sent out by the Boss Plasterers' association, but before noon a majority of the large contractors had signed an agreement to return to the old scale of wages, and by this morning all of the men, it is expected, will have returned to work.

Weyler Will Stay in Cuba.

New York, March 8.—A Madrid special to The World says: Premier Canovas has again assured the Spanish reporters and the Cuban deputies that the government still has confidence in General Weyler and shares his opinion that the reforms cannot be carried out in Cuba until "the military operations are more advanced."

Weyler Is Back at Havana.

Havana, March 5.—Captain General Weyler returned yesterday from Caibarlen. He specifically denied to the Associated Press that he had resigned, adding that he had never even contemplated it.

CONGRESS TO MEET MARCH 15.

President McKinley's Proclamation Calling an Extra Session.

Washington, March 8.—President McKinley Saturday afternoon issued a proclamation convoking congress in extra session Monday, March 15. The proclamation in full is as follows:

"By the President of the United States of America. A proclamation:

"Whereas, public interests require that the congress of the United States should be convened in extra session at 12 o'clock on the 15th day of March, 1897, to receive such communication as may be made by the executive;

"Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, president of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary occasion requires the congress of the United States to convene in extra session at the Capitol in the city of Washington on the 15th of March, 1897, at 12 o'clock, noon, of which all persons who shall at that time be entitled to act as members thereof are hereby required to take notice.

"Given under my hand seal," etc.

[Signed] "WILLIAM M'KINLEY."

"By the president, "JOHN SHERMAN, "Secretary of State."

INDIANA LEGISLATURE ADJOURNS.

Work Done by the Statesmen During the 61-Day Session.

Indianapolis, March 9.—The Indiana legislature adjourned last night at 8 o'clock after having been in session sixty-one days. Both houses were controlled by the Republicans. Politicians are felicitating themselves that a good record was made. Some important measures were enacted into laws, among them being the following: A bill providing for a 3-cent street car fare in Indianapolis; a general medical law patterned after the Ohio law; a law to encourage the establishment of domestic insurance companies; a law abolishing the expense fund and withdrawal charges of building and loan associations; the repeal of the special verdict law; a law authorizing the attorney general to sue the Vandalia railway on an old state claim for $1,000,000; a law abolishing quart-shops; a law providing for compulsory education; the placing of all the benevolent institutions in the hands of Republicans; a law providing for the conversion of the southern Indiana penitentiary into a reformatory on the Elmira plan.

THE LAST HOURS IN CONGRESS.

Four Appriation Bills Fail to Get on the Statute Books.

Washington, March 5.—The senate yesterday adjourned sine die after the usual votes to the president and president pro tem. The session was devoted entirely to attempting to agree with the house on the deficiency bill, which failed to pass. Vice President Stevenson delivered a brief, but eloquent address of farewell and closed the business. The senate was later reconvened as part of the next congress, with Vice President Hobart in the chair and adjourned to today.

The house was engaged on the same business as the senate—trying to agree on the deficiency bill until the time for adjournment, when a unanimous vote of thanks was given with cheers to Speaker Reed, who spoke briefly in farewell. These bills failed to receive the president's signature—agricultural, sundry civil and Indian—making four bills that failed.

Captain Hart Sentenced.

Philadelphia, March 9.—Captain John D. Hart, who was recently convicted of filibustering against the Spanish government in connection with the steamer Laurada, of which he is the owner, was yesterday refused a new trial by Judge Butler in the United States district court, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a fine of $500, and to pay the costs of the prosecution. He is to stand committed until the fine and costs are paid. The cost of the prosecution will amount to nearly, if not quite, $5,000. Captain Hart was take immediately to prison after the sentence was pronounced.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 8.

Money on call nominally 1½@1¾ per cent.; prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼@487½ for demand and 485¼@485¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 486@486¼ and 488@488½; commercial bills, 481½.

Silver certificates, 64⅝@64¾; no sales; bar silver, 63¾. Mexican dollars, 49¾.

United States government bonds firm: new 4's registered, 123¼; do. coupons, 125¼; 5's registered, 114; do. coupons, 114; 4's registered, 111; do. coupons, 113; 2's registered, 96½; Pacific 6's of 98, 103½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 75¼c, closed 74¾c; July, opened 72½c, closed 74¾c; September, opened 70¾c, closed 69¾c. Corn—May, opened 24¼c, closed 24¼c; July, opened 25¾c, closed 25¾c; September, opened 27c, closed 27c. Oats—May, opened 17½c, closed 17½c; July, opened 18½c, closed 18½c. Pork—May, opened $8.35, closed $8.35; July, opened $8.47½, closed $8.45. Lard—May, opened $4.17½, closed $4.17½; July, opened $4.27½, closed $4.27½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16 per lb; extra dairy, 16c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10@10½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9½@12c per lb; chickens (hens), 7@8c; roosters, 4½ @ 5; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 19@22. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 75c@$1.10 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12c per lb.; imperfect, 7@8c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@1.65 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.50@3.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $3.50@3.90 pigs, $3.70@3.90 light, $3.55@3.55 rough packing, $3.65@3.87½ mixed, and $3.90 @ 3.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $3.15@5.50 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.65@5.10 good to choice do., $3.90@4.55 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.80 stockers, $3.70@4.15 feeders, $1.80@3.75 cows, $2.40@4.20 heifers, $2.25@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@6.25 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for day, 12,000; sales ranged at $2.70@4.10 western, $2.20@3.40 Texans, $2.30@4.20 natives, and $3.50@5.10 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 8.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 74½c; No. 1 northern, 78½c; May, 73¼c. Corn—No. 3, 20c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18½@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 32c; samples, 21@37c. Rye—No. 1, 35½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, March 8.

Wheat—Cash white, 80c; cash red, 80c; May, 87c; July, 78½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, March 3.

By the wreck of a fast freight on the Chicago and Alton near Marshall, Mo., Engineer Ehret and Brakeman Charles Rymal were killed.

The mayor of a village in Brittany, France, recently resigned rather than officiate at the marriage of a divorced man.

Troops have been detailed to protect the Cherokee freedmen from swindlers during the payments to be made by the government at Fort Gibson.

One of the novelties of Cripple Creek is a lady miner. W. H. Edwards and Mrs. Purgett are working a lease on the Arequa Savage. Mrs. Purgett turns the windlass, while her partner pounds the drill in the twenty-five-foot hole.

Judge W. W. Crump, one of the most noted criminal lawyers of Virginia, died at his home in Richmond, aged 80 years. He was employed on one side or the other of nearly every famous case in Virginia for half a century.

Thursday, March 4.

The New York Herald correspondent in Montevidio, Uruguay, telegraphs that the country is again disturbed by news of the seriousness of the revolutionary movement on the Brazilian frontier.

The governor of Valparaiso, Chile, has invited the leaders of all political parties to meet at the palace. The object of the meeting is to devise means of insuring public peace during the elections without recourse to arms.

John D. Rockefeller has given Mount Holyoke college $40,000 for a dormitory.

Owing to a seizure by treasury of contraband opium valued at $400,000 and a further seizure worth $20,000 later, the price of opium at San Francisco has advanced $3 per pound.

A freight train on the Georgia Southern and Florida road broke in two and in the subsequent wreck N. C. Jordan, flagman, and two tramps were killed.

Friday, March 5.

The Lake county, Ind., grand jury has indicted the four watchmen of the Tolleston club who shot poachers on the club's premeises some weeks ago.

One of the last remaining relics of the World's fair is to be changed. The big Chinese theatre in Sixty-fourth street, Chicago, is to be remodeled into an apartment house. The cost of the improvement will be $25,000.

A. Streicht & Bros.' wagon factory at Oshkosh, Wis., was destroyed by fire. The loss is about $100,000; fully insured.

Advices from Manilla say that the army of Spain in the Philippine islands is being decimated by ague and dysentery.

The health department of San Francisco is conducting a crusade against venderes of impure food and fifteen grocers who are accused of selling bogus honey, tomato catsup, maple syrup, etc., have been arrested.

The total number of cases of bubonic plague in the city of Bombay up to date is 8,383, of which 6,979 proved fatal.

Saturday, March 6.

Kay county court house, fifty miles north of Perry, O. T., was burned at 4 o'clock in the morning. Court has been in session two weeks, and it is believed that parties to suits are responsible for the fire.

Fire at Worcester, [illegible] two business [illegible] 000 and seriously injured eight persons, none fatally.

Cleveland has declined to let the New York chamber of commerce, of which he is an honorary member, give him a grand banquet as a testimonial of their regard for the ex-president.

The employes of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre company, whose wages were reduced, struck and the colliery at Hazelton, Pa., is idle.

In the Mayflower mine in the Whitehall district, of Montana, was found some iron ore that assayed $5 per ton in gold.

The country south of Oaxaca, Mex., continues to be greatly disturbed by earthquakes, and the people in some of the smaller mountain villages are terribly alarmed.

The firm of Duhme & Co., jewelers at Cincinnati, made an assignment to Joseph Wilby. The assets are placed at $100,000.

Monday, March 8.

A dispatch to the London Lloyds from Montevideo, Uruguay, says that a revolution has broken out in the interior of that republic.

Not fewer than 186 bishops, from all parts of the empire, will be present at Canterbury cathedral in July, on the occasion of the gathering of the pan-Anglican meeting.

Henry F. Thurber, who was President Cleveland's secretary, will return to Detroit and resume the practice of law with his old firm, Dickinson & Thurber.

The Sliger Lumber and Manufacturing company, Huntington, W. Va., has gone into the hands of Charles Nash as receiver. Assets, $200,000; liabilities unknown.

Near Mallory, N. D., a locomotive struck a broken rail derailing the train, killing Fireman Lamb and fatally injuring Engineer Henry Gowenlock.

A warrant has been sworn out against George A. Taylor, ex-cashier of the defunct Argentine (Kan.) bank, charging him with receiving deposits when he knew the bank was failing.

Tuesday, March 9.

Obituary: At Elkton, Md., Thomas A. Price, of the Wisconsin Central. At Lansing, Mich., James B. Porter, 72. At Rockford, Ills., Charles Perkins.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms. Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, by toning and making rich, red blood.

Cures of Nervousness and That Tired Feeling, by feeding nerves, muscles and tissues on pure blood. For book of cures by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

"I WONDER WHY?"

There comes a query oft to me
From one who thinks I ought to know
The height and depth of mystery—
The "wherefore" of the "It is so."
And childish form, with bated breath,
With parted lips and pleading eye,
Stands waiting for the "What he saith"
In answer to "I wonder why?"

"What gives the violet its hue,
The fern its fragile form and grace?
Why doth the rivulet pursue
Its ceaseless course for us to trace?
Why bloom the flowers, why grow the trees
And spread their branches wide and high?
Why sing the cheerful chickadees
On leafless bush? I wonder why?"

All these I answer as I can,
And yet the little maid asks on,
And her soft eyes my own eyes scan,
Perchance a new reply to con,
Till I am fain to ask with zest
For clearer knowledge from on high
Of my own duty, God's behest,
And, like my child, "I wonder why?"

Deep problems meet us in the wood,
Afield and by the stream and sea.
We see what is not understood
About us, and that ne'er can be.
Whether we wander far or stay
In cloister, hid from mortal eye,
We 'bide with mystery night and day,
And of it all we "wonder why?"

So 'tis not strange a child oft asks
To know the "wherefore" of the fact;
To understand what vainly tasks
Philosophy, with all its tact.
We all are children, striving oft
To know what comes before the eye.
Childlike, we vainly look aloft
And ask and ask, "I wonder why?"
—Oliver W. Rogers in Boston Transcript.

THE WHERRYMAN.

Everybody in Hamburg knew Bornhold, the old wherryman. He was called "captain" by courtesy, not because he had at that particular time—at the close of the nineties—any right to the title beyond being the owner of a small, gaudily painted wherry.

In the early dawn the old man came down to the harbor, sat on one of the stone steps in the shadow of a tall linden tree and waited for something to do. He talked with none of the other wherrymen, nor with the porters and roustabouts with whom the place swarmed. They all addressed him as "captain" and treated him with marked respect.

The old man was still handsome. His face was finely molded and intelligent, and grief had left lines upon it that distinguished him from his fellow men, rough, boisterous seafarers of all ages. Those who knew him said of him that a terrible misfortune had befallen him at sea when he was a young man. They remembered that he came home one day with his good ship, sold it and its cargo, as well as his beautiful house on the Uhlenhorst. The residue of the sale he made over to the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Then he was gone for years, and nothing more was seen of him in Hamburg until he returned as suddenly as he had disappeared and installed himself as a wherryman, with a new, tidy wherry.

His hair had grown snow white, and the once tall, broad figure was bent and [illegible] himself from everybody. One day his place was empty. The friendless old man had gone to his rest.

Then somebody came along who knew the story of his life, and he related it to the other wherrymen and sailors, for seafaring folk are fond of listening to sad and melancholy tales.

Captain Bornhold had just returned from a journey with his neat, good looking two master. Wind and waves had been friendly to him, as if they knew that he was yearning to return to his charming young wife—a beautiful, dainty creature whom he loved to distraction.

Why shouldn't he? He discovered her himself and captured her by storm. Two years before, when he had come home from a longer and more tedious journey, he had carried some handkerchiefs to a young seamstress, highly recommended for aptness at embroidery. Captain Bornhold was alone in the world then and compelled to look after his own comforts.

His mother, a wealthy widow, with a beautiful house on the Uhlenhorst, where all the rich seafaring people of Hamburg lived, had died. On his return he found his home empty and cheerless. The Bornholds occupied the lower floor of the large double mansion. The upper story had for years been rented to Frau von Gastein, an elderly dame in independent circumstances. She had an only son, to whom, upon his majority, she turned over the Gastein country house and lands. Young Gastein was a trifling fellow, whose wife had been forced to leave him on account of his worthlessness. But young Captain Bornhold was always fond of Arthur Gastein. The two lads had been playmates, and the serious, hardworking sailor could see no harm in the light hearted profligate who was always smiling and happy.

Well, then, the young captain took his handkerchiefs to the little seamstress, whose name was Fanny Ortlep. She was alone in the world, like himself, but she had no house of her own to live in, only an honest name and deft little fingers that could earn all she needed. She was the very pink of a fine needlewoman, and dainty and charming besides. Bornhold was amazed at her beauty. She wore a simple gown, but it was stylish and becoming, and her little workroom was a bower of plants and blooming shrubs.

Fanny Ortlep! It was a well sounding name. The big, gruff seaman lowered his voice to a tender treble when he told her what he wanted her to do with his fine india silk handkerchiefs.

"I'll come for them day after tomorrow. Can you have them done in that time? In the evening I must set out to sea again."

She shrugged her little round shoulders.

It was trifling work. He might have them that very night at 7 if he cared to come back for them so soon. Such beautiful silk! It must be a lovely country. What had he been doing there!

She prattled on and on, and when she dismissed him the quiet seaman was hopelessly in love. Like an impatient schoolboy he hurried back to his ship and thence to his house. What he could find of ostrich plumes and carved ivory fans, of silk kerchiefs, red as the plumage of the flamingo, with rich, heavy fringe, delicately painted cups and plates, richly colored sewing silk—all these he packed into a dainty rattan basket. At 7 o'clock he stood at the door of his charmer. He was aware that his heart knocked louder almost against his ribs than his timid finger.

What pearly teeth she had, he thought, as he watched her bending with pleased smiles over his rare and costly gifts. She was so fresh and young and wholesome! A little too brusque and forward, perhaps, for a young girl, but that was a virtue he rather liked in her, for he was quiet and undemonstrative.

When he left her that evening at 9, she was his affianced wife. Four weeks later, when he returned from a trip to Scotland, the wedding was celebrated on board the brig. All the ships in the harbor hoisted their flags, and even the houses along the wharf were merrily decked in bunting and banners.

For two years after he had seen his little wife only at short intervals. His heart beat like a sledge hammer when he saw her standing on the wharf awaiting the landing, and he blushed and was timid as of yore when he took her into his brawny arms for greeting.

On this particular day of his return she had not come down to the wharf. He hastened home, and in the hall was received by the servant maid, a pretty Hamburg lassie in white cap and apron.

In the door stood Fanny. He lifted her from the floor like a child and almost smothered her in his embrace. By the window—but this he saw long after—stood Arthur Gastein, his face turned toward the street.

In his joy Bornhold threw his arms around him and greeted him heartily. Not even the presence of a king could have stopped him from kissing and embracing again and again the little wife, who was his very existence.

"I am bound for Leith, in Scotland, within a few days, and this time I am going to take my pretty wife with me. And you, Arthur, you can come, too, if you like. We'll make a real summer trip of it. While the boat unloads we'll go up into the highlands for a few days."

Fanny was delighted with the proposition. Young Gastein murmured a lame excuse. But Bornhold was in earnest, and nothing could have made him change his mind. So Gastein agreed and left the two alone.

When the young man was gone, Bornhold's restraint vanished completely. Again he snatched the woman he loved so passionately to his breast, and as she nestled in his arms, her lips apart, her blue eyes uplifted to his with a strange, yearning expression, he thought himself the happiest man in the world.

He knew that look so well. At times it startled him, for it was accompanied by a listlessness and distraction that was foreign to her vivacious nature. Her heart seemed unconscious of the yearning her e[illegible] betrayed.

Next day he started for the office of his shipper. On the way he thought of his treasure at home and laughed aloud with overflowing happiness.

"How jolly we are!" said a man behind him.

Bornhold turned and recognized the harbor master. The latter had been his guardian before he came of age and was called "uncle" by the Bornholds, mother and son.

"Why shouldn't I be?" cried Bornhold. "You don't know how happy I am. This time I am not going to the Indies, but to Scotland instead with my little wife."

"Thank God!" The old man had blurted out the words before he knew. Then he tried to explain away the meaning by saying that he was glad that the young couple were going to belong to each other alone for awhile.

"Not quite alone," said Bornhold. "I have asked Gastein to come with us."

"But he refused?"

"No, he accepted. Why should he refuse?"

"Then throw him overboard if you can. Leave him at home. Go alone with your wife."

Bornhold was silent. He bowed and went about his business.

His old uncle had evidently said more than he intended. Bornhold's heart stood still. The big, strong fellow trembled and was forced to clutch the doorpost for support. He recovered himself after awhile and entered the shipper's office.

The latter, a lifelong friend, looked at him fixedly.

"Bornhold, old fellow, what's wrong?"

A terrible suspicion came into his heart. What meant that tone of compassion in his old friend's voice? Had the people begun to talk? Of what?

He forced himself to smile. "Just a little out of sorts," he answered. "The grip is still in my bones."

"I knew nothing about that. Glad it's no worse."

It was another thrust that caused him pain.

Two days later they started on their journey. He wouldn't have left him behind for the world, this sleek, sly, amiable fellow with the checkered past. He would watch them, and they should know nothing of the jealous passion in his heart.

He was always gentle and pliant, like a kitten, with her soft, small ways, and he—the big, brawny man—cried aloud at night, when he was alone on deck with his maddened thoughts.

Sailing was good, and they reached Edinburgh in a short time. The day of their arrival they started for the highlands, like three trusty comrades.

Bornhold was as gentle as a mother with his wife. Perhaps he was wronging her, and, ah—he would not do that!

From the highlands they returned to the boat, determined to visit the sights of Edinburgh on that day. The boat was cleared. Bornhold and Fanny stood at the fallreep. Gastein was still below.

"I forgot my guidebook," said Bornhold. "Wait a moment." When he returned, Fanny was gone. She was not in the boat that was to take them ashore. A step to the skylight showed him the cabin below. There she stood, with her arms around Gastein's neck.

He knew now, and before he went back to the fallreep he had decided what their fate should be. Down he jumped into the boat, and when his wife set her small feet on the top rung of the ladder he helped her gallantly to descend. She saw that his face was pale as death.

"Are you ill?" she gasped softly, with that strange look in her eyes he could not comprehend.

Now he understood it. It was a false, baneful glance. It had always been so—a coquettish, alluring glance for strangers, a mask for her coldness for him.

"Keep the wherry in port and wait for us," he said to the sailor who had rowed them ashore.

In Edinburgh he took them everywhere—into the Gales, where the most dangerous criminals are imprisoned, into one of the courtrooms of the Midlothian, a dark, gloomy building. A man was on trial for strangling his guilty wife. They strolled through High street and down to the Old Bow, into Log Lodging, with its sightless windows, and at last they came to Holyrood. Bornhold talked; the others were silent. He led them through the bed chamber of the unfortunate queen; he pointed out the little door in the wall which led to the small apartment in which Darnley discovered Riccio. He expatiated ruthlessly on the guilt of the queen and her lover and watched them narrowly while he talked. In their anxious, ghastly faces he read the confession of their perfidy.

When Bornhold had finished the tale the historians of all ages have told, the smiles had fled from Fanny's lips. She trembled nervously, every drop of blood gone from her face.

The embittered husband arose, and they left the castle together for the boat. The sun had already gone down, and icy blasts swept in from the Craggs. They drove through the city along the Leithwalls. At the pier the wherry was in waiting. It was dark now, and the wind lashed the white foam up into their faces. Bornhold seized the rudder, ordered the oarsmen to take the middle bench and bade the others go sit down in the bow. A white light hung from the street, and now and then its ghastly rays darted over Bornhold's face, which was pitiless and terrible in its expression.

Soon the boat hove to. They had reached the brig. The oarsmen caught the rail to draw to. Bornhold arose slowly and caught the fallreep.

"Hold on to Fanny!"

The man and woman in the bow had arisen, and Gastein took the trembling creature in his arms. Bornhold stood on the fallreep with one foot. With the other he gave the boat a terrific blow. Still locked in each other's arms, Fanny and Gastein fell backward into the water, and at the same moment the boat turned upside down.

The man on board cried out, "Two men overboard!"

Bornhold said nothing. The sailors came with lanterns. On the reep stood the captain, his eyes staring down into the sea, following the white trail of light of the tossing keel of the boat. Nothing was to be seen of the man and woman.

It was months before the captain would say a word, and when he returned to Hamburg it was for the purpose of selling all his property, as has been told in the fore part of this narrative.—From the German.

General Grant's Fondness For Horses.

In his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter tells an anecdote of the punishment Grant bestowed upon a teamster who abused his horses. General Porter says that Grant referred to the incident, which seemed to make a great impression upon him, at the dinner table, and then said: "If people knew how much more they could get out of a horse by gentleness than by harshness, they would save a great deal of trouble both to the horse and the man. A horse is a particularly intelligent animal. He can be made to do almost anything if his master has intelligence enough to let him know what is required. Some men, for instance, when they want to lead a horse forward, turn toward him and stare him in the face. He, of course, thinks they are barring his way, and he stands still. If they would turn their back to him and move on, he would naturally follow. I am looking forward longingly to the time when we can end this war, and I can settle down on my St. Louis farm and raise horses. I love to train young colts, and I will invite you all to visit me and take a hand in the amusement. When old age comes on, and I get too feeble to move about, I expect to derive my chief pleasure from sitting in a big armchair in the center of a ring, a sort of training course, holding a colt's leading line in my hand and watching him run around the ring." He little foresaw that a torturing disease was to cut short his life before he could realize his cherished hopes of enjoying the happiness of the peaceful old age which he anticipated.

The Crumpet Story.

The late Oliver Wendell Holmes professed to have a profound respect for the Dutch, possibly on account of what he used to call "the European aborigines of America" being Dutch. He gave an aspect of slyness to his respect which inspired the idea that it was not untempered by humor, but he maintained that the Dutch, in spite of their stolidity, had a great deal of humor themselves. "For instance," he would say, "the crumpet story has a Dutch origin." "What is the crumpet story?" people would ask. And he would tell them that it had many variants, but the one with which he was familiar was about a man who was going to be hanged and was asked whether he had any last request to make and said he would like to have a dozen hot crumpets, very buttery, because he had never dared to eat more than one before.

THE DESERTED CITY.

MAGNIFICENT AMBIR, WHICH HAS SLEPT IN SOLITUDE 200 YEARS.

Monkeys the Only Inhabitants of Its Beautiful Palaces—Walls That Are Set With Precious Stones—One of the Handsomest Works of Art In All India.

Imagine a valley in the form of a huge crater, the sides of which are covered with thick jungle, in the center of which rises a green mound, forming a pedestal for a fairylike and dazzling marble palace, beside which the wonders of Seville and of Granada in Spain pale into insignificance, and around this palace, which looks upon a great, gloomy lake, a large town, a great metropolis, the smallest houses of which are stately palaces. Not a soul is to be seen in the broad streets, not a trace of smoke rising into the air. Not a sound is to be heard. Such is Ambir, which in architectural beauty, in stateliness and in the loveliness with which nature has supplemented art and art nature, surpasses every other city in the old world. A mixture of the romantic and the mysterious takes possession of the tourist who gazes for the first time upon this deserted city. He feels tempted to ask himself whether, after all, it is not a mere phantom of the "Arabian Nights," and whether, like a second calendar, he has come to disturb the silence of this sleeping metropolis and to bring to light some frightful mystery. The palace in particular has a supernatural appearance, with its marble turrets that have the yellowish tint of ivory and its lofty walls that are ornamented with gilded balconies.

In spite of the impression which prevails widely that there is some mystery connected with the desertion of Ambir, once the capital of Rajpoutana, yet its abandonment was solely and entirely due to a piece of capricious despotism on the part of King Jey Sing II, who reigned at Ambir some 300 years ago, and who is famous in oriental history as the greatest astronomer that India has ever known. He took it into his head that Ambir, inclosed in the valley of the Kalikho mountains, was incapable of development or extension; that it was too inaccessible, and that it was unworthy of the grandeur of his kingdom. Accordingly he planned and built a new capital some eight or ten miles lower down and gave it the name of Jaipur. As soon as he had completed his task he commanded the entire population of Ambir to abandon their homes and to take up their residence in Jaipur. No one was permitted to remain behind, and thus it happens that today the great city of Ambir, which, founded in the first century of the Christian era, was so magnificently built that none of its palaces or public buildings have yet fallen into ruin or decay, is today tenanted only by myriads of monkeys, while here or there a naked fakir, who has come to pray at one of the shrines which abound [illegible] have believed [illegible] on the shores of the lake, may be seen bathing in its somber waters.

The royal palace is 100 feet above the level of the lake. But the stone buttresses which support the sides of the green hill upon which it stands descend perpendicularly into the water and look like a continuation of the castle walls, which are built exactly over them, thus making the frontage appear more than 200 feet high. The principal gateway of the palace, known as the "seeve" gate, is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful works of art in India. The marble framework of the windows which ornament this gate are the finest in all India. They are carved out of single slabs of marble and are so delicately finished that at a short distance they resemble transparent muslin curtains. On passing through this gateway one finds one's self in a courtyard surrounded by palaces, each rich in mosaics and sculptures, in the center of which is a fairylike garden.

In some of these palaces the walls are covered from the ceiling to the floor with inlaid work of polished stone, agates, turquoises and pieces of looking glass arranged in groups of flowers and arabesques, and the effect produced by a ray of sunshine in these apartments is simply indescribable. In others the floors are of sandal and other precious wood. It is difficult to conceive a more romantic retreat, and what with the unbroken silence, the glorious view and the fairylike character of the palaces and kiosks, one has trouble to realize that one is not in dreamland.

The only sign of decay, if decay indeed it can be called, is the presence of vegetation where it would not have been tolerated had the place been inhabited. Perhaps nowhere in the Deccan has nature been so quick in beautifying the works of man. She has covered the walls with creepers and flowers, planted the courts with shady groves and hung her peepul and cacti among the marble trelliswork of the terraces. Wandering through the silent streets, the pavement of which is overgrown with weeds and long grass, one experiences a feeling of soothing melancholy seldom excited by ruins, which are so often bare and desolate, and the sun's rays, partially intercepted by the foliage of the trees, impart a warm color to this mixture of sculptural stonework and verdure. Occasionally at a turn of the road one comes upon some religious edifice or temple, one of the most exquisite of which is that dedicated to Mahades, its golden kiosk being a masterpiece of oriental sculpture. In the center of the city there is a Lingan placed in a basin which is filled by a spring of water. An ancient prophecy declares that when the Lingan is covered by the water Ambir will disappear. There are only a few inches now visible above the surface, and the Brahman priests at Jaipur, who periodically visit the temple of Mahades, are seriously alarmed concerning the condition of affairs, since any disaster that overtakes Ambir is likely at the same time to overwhelm Jaipur, which is, so to speak, at the entrance of the valley.—New York Tribune.

HIS CHANCES GOOD.

Yet He Hadn't Much Time In Life to Attend to Religion.

I was sitting one day, a few years ago, in front of the hotel in a little town in southern California, when news came that the overland train from the east had met with an accident near the outskirts of the village, resulting in the thorough shaking up of the passengers, the killing of a tramp who was stealing a ride and fatal injury to the young fireman of the locomotive, who, standing at his post, had saved the train from utter wreck.

Almost simultaneously with the news came the sight of a small procession of trainmen carrying upon an improvised litter their injured comrade.

They brought him at once to the little tavern, where a room was quickly made ready, and a physician and two sisters of charity, who were almost instantly upon the spot, did everything in their power to relieve his awful sufferings. To their question as to whether they should send for a priest the poor fellow gasped out that his mother was an Episcopalian, and he knew she'd want him to see a clergyman of that church. A messenger was dispatched to a neighboring town, where one resided, and in an incredibly short space of time the young missionary was on the spot.

The injured man's brother, a brakeman on the same train and several other trainmen were standing about his bed.

As the minister entered the room the brother cried in agony: "Oh, sir, do something for my brother! Pray for his soul!" Going at once to his bedside with the air of authority, and with something a great deal better—intense human sympathy and genuine pity—the young clergyman saw that he had but a few moments in which to minister to the dying man, and naturally desiring to know something of his religious status and spiritual condition asked him whether he was a believer in Jesus Christ and had ever been baptized.

"Yes," said the poor fellow, "I do believe in him, and I was christened when I was a kid, but God knows I haven't had a chance to go to church or to be a Christian."

"But he has been a good boy," said his brother. "He worked day and night to support our crippled sister, old mother and me when I was laid up with the rheumatism and couldn't do a thing for over a year."

"He took care of me through the smallpox when no one else would come near me," declared a big, burly railroader, with a sob which almost choked his utterance.

"And after taking his own run," added a young, sickly looking fellow, "he often took mine when I wasn't able to go out."

As these testimonials were finished the brother asked in agonizing earnestness, "God won't damn such a fellow, will he?"

Promptly the minister answered, "No, not if he is the God I h[illegible]" And then, bending over the injured man, he said, "In his name who declared, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' I absolve thee from all thy sins and commend thy spirit into the hands of God, who gave it."

A few moments' silence, a look of perfect peace upon the face of the dying boy and then a whispered "Brother."

Instantly his brother was kneeling close beside him, and we heard him say: "Brother, you won't mind my telling you of it now, will you? And perhaps you'll let Nelly know it when I'm gone?"

"What, Jack," exclaimed his brother, "have you loved Nelly?"

Fainter came the answer, "With all my heart."

"And you didn't tell her because you knew I loved her too?"

Eyes full of tenderness and affection gave the answer which the lips could no longer utter, and, with his brother's cry of mingled admiration, gratitude and love, "Jack, Jack, God bless you!" sounding in his ears, the soul of the man who "hadn't had a chance to be a Christian" passed into the other world.

As I went out of the room I said to myself, "All the same, I'd like to take his chances now."—New York Sun.

Who Pieced Together Gibbon?

All the readers of "The Decline and Fall"—that is to say, all men and women of a sound education—have long known, as Milman and Morison told them, that Gibbon did not write his own autobiography—that is, in the form in which we have it. Lord Sheffield very truly told the world in 1795 that the "Memoirs" he published "had been carefully selected and put together." But the world never knew the method of the "selection" or the astounding freedom with which they had been "put together." We never suspected that the editor had cut about the manuscript of the "luminous historian" as if it were a schoolboy's theme; that sentences, descriptions and distinct essays had been clipped from one draft and soldered into another in the middle of a paragraph; that delicious bits of satire had been expunged, so as not to awaken prejudice or to dim the solemnity of "history;" that much of the fun, nearly all the scandal and most of the inner personal life had been eliminated from the "Letters." We now see that Gibbon's literary carcass was treated some such way as a hog is converted into ham.

But the mystery remains. If Gibbon did not compose his own autobiography, who did? No one can read these seven sketches of the historian without admiring the unknown literary hand which so wonderfully wove them together and reset them into one harmonious piece. That hand, I cannot doubt, was mainly the fair hand of a young girl. I have seen an original letter of Lady Maria Holroyd, Lord Sheffield's eldest daughter, in which she says that she and her stepmother, the second wife of Lord Sheffield, "are working busily at the 'Memoirs,' and are excellent devils."—Frederick Harrison in Forum.

The Boy Gladstone.

Sir Roderick Murchison, the famous naturalist, has left it on record that Gladstone was "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." Most of us can testify from our own knowledge that Mr. Gladstone lately is the handsomest old man who ever went to Eton or anywhere else. Visitors to Eton are shown, of course, the name of Gladstone carved into a wall or a woodwork here and there. But naturally no one ever goes to any place where a famous man once lived without being shown his name carved, as is confidently affirmed, by his own hand. At Eton Gladstone's closest friend was that Arthur Hallam to whose gifts and virtues the late Lord Tennyson has inscribed one of his greatest poems, the "In Memoriam."

Among his other mates were some whose names will still be remembered in America—Frederick Tennyson, for example, brother of the poet and himself a poet; Alexander Kinglake, the author of "Eothen" and the historian of the Crimean war; James Bruce, afterward the famous Earl of Elgin; Charles Canning, afterward Earl Canning and viceroy of India, "the Clemency Canning" of the Indian mutiny, a nickname then given to him in scorn by the panic stricken votaries of a policy of slaughter, but now remembered to his honor and to his glory.

William Gladstone was not much of an athlete, as the term was then understood. He did not care much about schoolboy games of any kind. He was very fond of sculling and kept a boat for his own use, and he was then, as ever since, a tremendous walker. He walked very fast, and he walked great distances. His delight was to wander about through all the lovely places surrounding Windsor in company with a few boys of his own age and of his own tastes.—Outlook.

Working of the Boomerang.

The boomerang is an instrument used both in war and in the chase by the aborigines of Australia. It is usually about 2 feet in length, made of hard wood bent into a curve resembling an obtuse angle, flat on one side and rounded on the other. The method of using this curious weapon is very peculiar. The thrower takes it by one hand, holding the bent side downward, and hurls it forward as if to hit some object 20 or 25 yards in advance. Instead of continuing to go directly forward in accordance with the Newtonian law, it slowly ascends in the air, whirling round and round, describing a beautiful and geometrical curved line, till it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to retrograde, finally sweeping over the head of the projector, striking the object for which it was intended, which is always in the rear.

This surprising motion is produced by the reaction of the air upon the bends and curves of the oddly shaped missile.

Lieutenant Breton has this to say of the singular weapon: "The boomerang is one of the most curious weapons of war ever invented, at least by a barbarous people, nor is it easy to comprehend by what law of projectiles it is made to take the singular directions that it frequently does. I have seen a native throw one so as to make it go 40 or 50 yards horizontally and not more than 4 feet from the ground. It would then suddenly dart into the air to the height of 50 or 60 yards, describe a very considerable curve and finally fall at his feet. In all cases, no matter how thrown, the boomerang keeps turning with great rapidity, like as if on a pivot, making a loud, whizzing noise all the while."—St. Louis Republic.

Bird Stories.

It is not fair for cats and dogs to carry off all the glory. Allow me to tell two stories from my own personal experience of gratitude in a goose, of humor in a raven. I was walking one day with a friend through his poultry yard, when a goose hurried up to him, fondly rubbed its neck against his trousers and followed him about everywhere. He told me that he had once rescued it from being done to death by its feathered companions because it had a broken wing. Could any unfeathered biped have shown greater affection? May we not say with Wordsworth:

Alas, the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning!

And now for the raven. I had been taking duty lately in the tower for my friend, the chaplain, when my slumbers were disturbed by the raucous croaking of a venerable raven of unknown antiquity, but by all accounts the oldest inhabitant there. By his jaunty hopping about under cannons and shady trees he clearly showed that he considered the entire precincts to have been provided for his comfort by a grateful nation. On returning one day from lunching with the governor, to whom I complained of his sleep destroying noises, I found my gentleman perched on the back of a garden chair. I solemnly admonished him of his offenses against the church. He listened calmly without sound or movement. When I concluded my homily, he turned up his right eye to me and deliberately winked. I fled.—London Spectator.

Congressman McLaurin's Story.

Congressman McLaurin of South Carolina vouches for the following story in the Washington Post: "The late constitutional convention in South Carolina passed an educational qualification declaring that a voter, to register, must believe in a supreme being and be able to read or understand the constitution when read to him. In the county of Horry, generally called 'the independent republic,' an old negro came into the supervisor's office to register.

"'Well, old man,' that officer said to him, 'do you know who the supreme being is?'

"'Oh, yes!' replied the old fellow. 'Dat means de boss—de head ob de whole business.'

"'Well, who is he? What do you call him?' asked the supervisor.

"'Oh, him is Mr. Johnny McDermott, de clerk ob de co't!'"

IT AYE TAK'S TWA T' CA' THE KYE.

Bonnie Bessie, aonsie lass,
Thro' the heather as ye pass,
Gie a kiss tae me.
Ilka day'll be fair an fine
Gin thy smile upo'me shine.
Will ye, Bessie Lee?

Foot nae lichtsn face nae fair,
Form and graceful, past compare,
Proud am I t' see.
Dinna luik aboon me, girl!
Wad ye gie me sic a dirl?
Wilfu' Bessie Lee.

Ca' the kye! The day is gane.
Will ye follow them alane?
There is nane t' see
Gin thy jimp an bonnie waist
Hae an airm aboot it placed,
Is there, Bessie Lee?
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

DISAPPEARING GATES.

Grade Crossing Protection Without Any Unsightly Features.

A disappearing gate for railroad crossings has been recently patented by Frederick Nichols of Lynn, Mass. The many advantages of such a gate will be readily understood. Its construction is very simple, there being no cogs or gears. It is made of sliding and jointing bars and angle irons and can be constructed without great expense.

A trench about four feet deep is dug on each side of the tracks across the street. The earth sides of this trench are supported by plates of boiler iron, instead of expensive masonry, bolted to U shaped iron castings. To these castings is fastened the lower and stationary part of the gate. The slit or opening through which the gate comes up is, of course, protected from dirt, etc., by the top rail of the gate when it is down and when public travel is passing over it. When the gate is up, the opening or slit is protected, as public travel over it is stopped. The bottom of the trench is of gravel or concrete, and it is graded toward one end to allow water which does not soak up to run off into a sewer or blind drain.

At the side of this opening, on the street level, are cast iron plates covering manholes, which allow a man to go the entire length of trench to oil or adjust any of the movable working parts.

The gate is counterbalanced with weights, and friction is reduced to a minimum, thus making its operations easy. A bell signal is sounded before the gates are raised. At night incandescent lamps are lighted by contact being automatically made as the gates are raised. Lanterns are used where electricity is not available.

The gates are quick and easy in action, can be operated by one man, where it often requires two by present methods. They can be operated from switch or signal tower in many instances. They will not interfere with trolley wires or electric car tracks. The gates are raised and lowered by the simple movement of a lever on which is a latch, securing the gate in any position.—Philadelphia Record.

How an Owl Saved a Train.

Owls are by common consent adjudged to be birds of ill omen, but Engineer Ned Barnett of the Santa Fe says he happens to know that they are anything but that and tells the following story to prove his assertions:

One morning as the east bound overland was pulling through the mountains west of here, Barnett's engine doing the work, a big horn beaked owl dashed against the front window of the cab with such force as to break the window, the bird itself dropping dead at the engineer's feet. Though Barnett is not, generally speaking, a superstitious man, this seemed so singular an occurrence that he stopped the train and sent a brakeman ahead to see if the way was clear. Strange to relate, the brakeman soon returned, reporting a landslide across the track in the mountain pass about 100 yards ahead. Hands were sent at once to clear the track, and in removing the debris they found another owl, no doubt mate to the first, caught in the crotch of an uprooted tree, crushed to death in the fall.

Barnett had both owls stuffed, and the two now adorn his cab, always insuring him good luck, he says.—Philadelphia Times.

Writing Leaders For the London Times.

I dined with Mr. Walter and his son in Printing House square at 5 o'clock and found that I was expected to write an article there and then on one of the subjects of the day. I protested my inability, not supposing myself capable of doing such a thing in less than a week. This was poohpoohed. I tried, found it possible and found also that I was expected to repeat the process next day, same hour, same dinner, short conversation after dinner, then the subject was announced, and I was left alone till tea time, when Mr. Walter appeared, read aloud what I had done, with criticisms and, after correction, carried off the paper to the printer. When the article was finished, the same process was repeated, and when I was disburdened of the whole article I went home to bed. Gradually it appeared that I was expected (exceptis excipiendis) to do this every evening.—Letters of Frederick Lord Blackford.

Eating What We Know Nothing About.

There is nothing so delicious as the first codfish caught off the 'Sconset shore. You never have them as we do. We eat the "tongues and sounds," and one does not know what codfish is until they have tasted these. Then the "inwards" are sold at 25 cents a quart. What they are I will not explain. But fried in crumbs, there is nothing more palatable. "Britches" and "chittlings" are the names given to the different varieties found under the more general term of "inwards."—Nantucket Cor. Springfield Republican.

Full Benefit.

Watts—Let's walk along until a car overtakes us.

Potts—No. Let's walk the other way until a car meets us. We will catch it sooner, we will go down town just as quick, and we get more ride for our money.—Indianapolis Journal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Many of the Books an Insult to the Intelligence of Young People.

Edward W. Bok has been making a careful and comprehensive examination of Sunday school libraries, and in The Ladies' Home Journal he confesses himself disgusted with the literature thus placed in the hands of our boys and girls. A less complete investigation, Mr. Bok says, would not have made it possible for him to believe that the libraries of our Sunday schools were stocked with such piles of rubbish—"wishy washy literature," as he terms it. He quotes the titles and gives the themes of a number of books he obtained from Sunday school libraries, and these seem to completely warrant his conclusions. "Such books," he contends, "are an insult to the intelligence of the young people and have a pernicious influence. Instead of being healthy books they are decidedly unhealthy in tone and teaching. Surely we are cultivating a dangerous taste for reading in the young when we feed them on such rubbish."

Mr. Bok unhesitatingly lays a part of the blame upon the publication boards and societies, which are influenced by a denominational spirit that narrows their choice of books. Then, again, it is shown that the most mediocre sort of "talent" is employed to write these books, and that beggarly prices—less than $80 per book—are paid. A share of responsibility, Mr. Bok asserts, rests upon the men who purchase Sunday school libarries, who, as is most frequently the case, are not qualified for the task and whose object is to secure a library as cheap as possible. Mr. Bok warmly urges that the selection of Sunday school books be left to women, who "instinctively know and feel the kind of a book which a boy or girl will read and enjoy." He insists that women should be given carte blanche to make the selections so far as the prescribed amount of money will go. "A hundred good books," Mr. Bok concludes, "are far better than 500 books of indifferent interest," which are bought simply because they are cheap. "A Sunday school library cannot be created in a day, and no discouragement should be felt if the financial means of the church are contracted and necessitate the purchase of only a few books at a time."

Helpless as to Bread.

Captain Bliss was like all seamen, a strict disciplinarian, and his crew respected him beyond measure. Not one of them would have dreamed of interpreting a command otherwise than according to the strict letter of the law. Things must be done shipshape under his rule.

One day, while the ship was in a certain port, the captain gave a dinner to some town acquaintances, and as the resources of the ship were not great some of the sailors were deputed to wait on the table to re-enforce the insufficient number of stewards.

As these men were not used to such work each one was told exactly what service would fall to his share.

The hour came, and the dinner went merrily on. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none very near her, and the finely disciplined stewards seemed to be quite oblivious to her need. She turned her head and spoke very softly to the man at her elbow.

"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her if it had been in his power. He saluted in fine naval style.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said he. "I'm told off for taters."—London Telegraph.

Lord Nelson's Spirit.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan writes an account of "Nelson In the Battle of Copenhagen" for The Century. Captain Mahan quotes the following from the account of the engagement written by Colonel Stewart of the British forces: "Lord Nelson was at this time, as he had been during the whole action, walking the starboard side of the quarter deck, sometimes much animated and at others heroically fine in his observations. A shot through the mainmast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed to me with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment,' and then, stopping short at the gangway, he used an expression never to be erased from my memory and said with emotion, 'But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.'" With this spirit may be compared his rebuke some days after the battle to a lieutenant, who during the action had made a hopeless report about the grounded ships, "At such a moment the delivery of anything like a despondING opinion, unasked, was highly reprehensible and deserved much more censure than Captain Foley gave you."

Brains Bigger Than Man's.

According to Professor Max Weber of Amsterdam, the only animals which surpass man in the absolute weight of their brains are elephants and whales, but there are several that rank ahead of him in the ratio of the brain weight to the total weight of the body. All of these, however, are comparatively small animals. Among them are many monkeys and certain members of the squirrel and mouse families. No animal of greater bodily size than man has a brain which is relatively as large as his. Upon the whole, it seems that man's mental superiority is due rather to the quality and organization than to the size of his brain.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?—La Rochefoucauld.

Darwin and Tyndall proved what naturalists before their time suspected, that the air is literally full of plant germs and seeds.

FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

England's Traditional Enemy Not Behind Her In Armament.

The French navy ranks next to that of England in numbers, while in efficiency and fighting qualities the French ships are fully equal to their English rivals. In fact, in naval architecture the French early took the lead, and many of the English types of ships were modeled after the French designs, says The Chautauquan. One of the chief differences between the English and the French armored ships today is in the disposition of the armor and the consequent design of the hull. English designers have striven to protect the men working the guns, and to do this they have reduced the length of the ship's armor. French and naval architects, on the other hand, have given little attention to the protection of men and a great deal to the protection of the water line. Therefore they have reduced the breadth of the ship's armor.

It is worthy of note that France is the only great power which levies a tax on such of her citizens as either do not enlist in the standing army or wh enlist for a shorter term than three years. Only those who are officially declared "impecunious" are exempt from such a tax. It is payable annually as long as the liability to service lasts, and the revenue from this source amounts to about 30,000,000 francs, or $6,000,000, annually.

The officers of the French army receive a very thorough education at the different military schools. At the head of these (although not exclusively military) stands the Polytechnic school in Paris, which admits 150 pupils annually after a competitive examination. The course occupies nine months in the year for two years.

As it is impossible to keep under arms for three years the entire annual contingent of recruits, the law provides for the discharge of thoroughly trained men at the end of the first or second year of active service in such proportions as to bring down the peace strength of the army to the number annually determined upon by the general assembly. Preferences in this connection are decided by lot. For this purpose every recruit at his enrollment draws a number, and only those having the highest numbers are entitled to consideration.

Costumes of the Spreewald.

Consul General De Kay writes a paper entitled "An Inland Venice" for The Century. It is a description of life in the Serbian swamp, Vendland. Mr. De Kay says: "School out" at the village school of Burg is a pretty sight. The substantial brick building overlooks the ever murmuring highway, and the boys and girls, instead of stringing up a dusty road, tumble into punts and pole away for dear life—the boys much like other boys, but the girls reduced facsimiles of their mothers and elder sisters, clad in bright but short raiment and visible afar off through their strange mob caps with wings. As one moves down stream from Burg by Leipe to Lubbenau, these wings grow smaller and collapse, while the skirts grow longer and more resemble the ordinary dress of women. At a dance the Spreewalder knows instantly, by the peculiarities of her costume, from what village a woman or girl has come. At Leipe the multudinous skirts of alarming girth are no more. The gown reaches the ankles, and the cap fits close to the head instead of resting on a framework as in Burg. Thus the dress in Leipe is perhaps more graceful, but it is more commonplace. It no longer testifies to that pride of the peasant father or husband which is shown by the number of yards in the skirts of his woman folk and the variety of their caps, by the richness of their dress as well as their jewelry.

Always Play Cards For Money.

"England is termed puritanical," said a New Yorker who has been in London a good deal, "but English people who consider themselves very proper do things sometimes which would shock people of a similar sort in country. For instance, even clergy often play cards for money, and wo do so as a matter of course. I never played a game at an English house at which there was not a stake.

"The stake was small if women were among the players, and possibly only a few shillings changed hands, but it never seemed to occur to any English people I ever met to play for fun. The people were of the middle class, which is anything but fast.

"Fancy an American clergyman playing cards for money! He would be considered a bad lot by many if he played cards even for fun. And certainly a young woman who arose from a card table with a dollar, more or less, of a man's money in her possession would be considered fast, to say the least."—New York Sun.

Burned Them.

He is a Bath (Me.) clergyman, and, of course, somewhat unacquainted with new fangled forms of vice, to say the least. Accordingly, when he espied a nickel in the slot machine at a seaside resort last summer his curiosity was aroused, and he dropped in a nickel. Luck was coming the clergyman's way that day, and, to his intense horror, ten nice cigars rolled out of the machine in response to the titillations of its interior as the nickel rattled through it. In fact, the good man was so scandalized that he took those cigars away and burned them—one at a time.—Boston Herald.

Forests In Europe.

According to the Hon. F. Lawley, Russia in Europe has 527,500,000 acres of forests, Sweden coming next with 42,000,000. Germany has 34,000,000, Austria slightly over 24,000,000 and the British isles less than 3,000,000.

There are 882 miles of distance between Atlanta and New York city.

A pound avoirdupois is equal to a little less than half a kilogram.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 443 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle st.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearcorn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 590 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3524 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Douglas hall, Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1453 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2340 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Riverside.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets Second and Fourth Mondays in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodsick, 3922 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton, 1259 W. VanBuren st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10308 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5620 Drexel av.
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st,
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22.

President, Miss Sabina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 SOUTH CLARK ST., ROOMS 10, 12, 14.

President, John J. Mahony.
Vice-President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.

GRANT ROUGHS IT.

He Slept In a Pigpen After the Battle of the Wilderness.

The general and staff bivouacked upon the ground. The night was quite chilly, and a couple of fires were lighted to add to our comfort. General Grant lay down with his officers beside one of the fires without any covering. When asleep, an aid quietly spread an overcoat over him. For about four hours we all kept turning over every few minutes so as to get warmed on both sides, imitating with our bodies the diurnal motion of the earth as it exposes its sides alternately to the heat of the sun. When daylight broke it was seen that a low board structure close to which the general in chief had lain down was a pigpen, but its former occupants had disappeared and were probably at that time nourishing the stomachs of the cavalry troopers of the invading army. Unfortunately the odors of the place had not taken their departure with the pigs, but remained to add to the discomfort of the bivouackers. Sheridan's cavalry had had a fight at this place the afternoon before, in which he had defeated the opposing force, and the ground in the vicinity, strewn with the dead, offered ample evidence of the severity of the struggle.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th active operations were in progress throughout the columns. General Sheridan had ordered his cavalry to move by different roads to seize the bridges crossing the Po river. General Meade modified these orders and directed a portion of the cavalry to move in front of Warren's infantry on the Spottsylvania Court House road. The enemy were felling trees and placing other obstacles in the way to [illegible] the movement, and the cavalry was afterward withdrawn and the infantry directed to open the way.

About sunrise General Grant, after taking off his coat and shaking it to rid it of some of the dust in which he had lain down, shared with the staff officers some soldiers' rations and then seated himself on the ground by the roadside to take his morning smoke.—General Horace Porter in Century.

WALES' GOOD NATURE.

It Averted Threatened Trouble During His Canadian Tour.

Stephen Fiske describes the Prince of Wales' visit to America in the Ladies' Home Journal and relates these interesting incidents of his tour through Canada: "The Catholics had gained a little victory over the stern Duke of Newcastle at Quebec, and now the Orangemen demanded to be allowed to present addresses to the prince and to be received separately from their Catholic fellow citizens. The duke consulted with Governor General Head and refused to permit this distinction. At Kingston an Orange demonstration was prepared, and the royal party did not land from the steamer. The Orangemen chartered another steamer and pursued the prince to Brockton, but again he was not allowed to go on shore. At Coburg a party of 50 Canadian gentlemen took the horses from his carriage and drew him through the pretty hamlet. At Toronto the mayor apologized for the display of Orange flags. The prince was hooted and hissed when he attended church, and serious riots were feared.

"All trouble was averted, however, by the good humor of the prince himself. He was taking a drive with the duke, and the Orangemen hastily hung a banner across the road so that the royal party had to drive under it. Newcastle was indignant and ordered the coachman to turn back; but, lo, another Orange banner had been hung to cut off the retreat. Then the prince laughed heartily, took off his hat to the flag and was cheered by the Orangemen. However, the duke was not mollified, and the journey to Niagara falls was expedited. The prince first saw the great falls on Sept. 13. A number of riding horses had been provided by the Canadian government, and he mounted at once and rode to view the falls from various points."

Addition to Yellowstone Park.

Captain Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National park, says that an effort is being made to secure legislation from congress which would add the Jackson's Hole country to the park. The area which it was proposed to take in is about 50 miles square and contains Jackson's lake and the Three Tuton mountain peaks. It is rich in natural scenery and would, in the opinion of the captain, add materially to the park's attractiveness. Senator Carter of Montana has drafted a bill for that purpose, which has the indorsement of the senators from Montana and Idaho, but the Wyoming senators have not yet been won over.—Omaha Bee.

ESTABLISHED 1856. INCORPORATED 1895.

Ask Your Grocer for Fitzpatrick's Laundry

SOAPS.

Manufactured by

JOHN FITZPATRICK CO.

Our Specialties: AMERICAN WAX, MOTTLED GERMAN, ORIENTAL GERMAN, WHITE ELECTRIC, CELEBRATED GERMAN, CELEBRATED CHAMPION, GERMAN FAMILY, PURE ELECTRIC CHIPPED SOAP, especially adapted for Laundry and Hotel use, and different grades of SOFT SOAPS.

Office and Storehouse, 422 & 424 S. CANAL ST. TELEPHONE MAIN 4122.

Factory, WESTERN AVE. NEAR 26th ST. TELEPHONE CANAL 286.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

27 North Clark Street, Room 14.

Residence 225 Osgood Street.

TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK

N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 58 CHICAGO.

TELEPHONE MAIN 2681.

C. L. MAHONY. JOS. M'CALLUM. P. B. FLANAGAN.

MAHONY, M'CALLUM & FLANAGAN,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

SUITE 611, ASHLAND BLOCK,

Telephone Main 4056. CHICAGO.

WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,

59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,

(Real Estate Board Building).

CHICAGO.

JOHN P. McGOORTY

Counselor-at-Law,

616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK.

N E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.

Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

Geo. E. Gorman,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.

Telephone Main 860.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

DANIEL McCORMICK, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EMMA MARSHALL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Emma Marshall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

FREDERICK MELCHIOR,

Administrator, with the will annexed.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

Steamship Tickets and Drafts.

4 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

GRAHAM & SONS,

BANKERS,

134 West Madison Street.

Safety Deposit Boxes $3.00 per year.

OPEN EVENINGS.

M. J. MALONEY, ATTORNEY, ROOM 306 KEDZIE BUILDING, 120 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF PATRICK O'DONNELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick O Donnell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 13, 1897.

BRIDGET O'DONNELL,

Executrix, with the will annexed.

M. J. Maloney, Attorney.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,

Dealers in

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

150 to 166 West Madison Street,

Near Halsted.

O'DONNELL BROS.,

Dealers in

All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.

Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord, delivered.

Office and Yard

303 W. Taylor-st., between Halsted-st. and Blue Island av.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

JAMES LEDDY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Teas & Coffees,

High Grade Wines Retailed to Families at wholesale prices. All orders delivered promptly free of charge.

4252 WENTWORTH AVENUE.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

TEAS AND COFFEES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

20 & 22 STATE ST.

Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.

TELEPHONE 2658.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

Importers of

FINE WINES AND BRANDIES.

Western Agents for Power & Sons Dublin Whisky and Watson's Glenlivit Scotch Whisky.

Exclusive Owners of

Ben Franklin Pure Rye.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

PABST MILWAUKEE DOPPEL-BRAEU.

A beer superior to all expensive imports is the new "Doppel-Braeu," or double brew, now being elegantly bottled for family use by the Pabst Brewing Company. Address or telephone

N E. Cor. Grand-av. and Desplaines-st.

Telephone Main 4383. Chicago, Ill.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IMPORTED DIRECT IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

54 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

KEELEY

CIGARS.

Sole Agents for

CRENNAN'S

LA CARINA

CIGARS.

142 MICHIGAN AVE.,

CHICAGO

When Going to Europe

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

WHITE STAR LINE,

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. TEUTONIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons.

BRITANNIC. GERMANIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.

Drafts and Money Orders for sale at lowest rates. Apply to the nearest agent, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, General Agent, 29 BROADWAY, N. Y.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, General Western Agent, 244 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO.

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV

CHICAGO ILL.

CALIFORNIA

3 Days

FAST TRAINS equipped with Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE Dining Cars and Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars Leave Chicago EVERY DAY.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

NORTH-WESTERN LINE

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.

ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.

E. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

RUDOLPH BRAND, Pres. & Treas. GEORGE W. KELLNER, Vice-Pres.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, General Manager.

UNITED STATES BREWING CO.,

Brewers of

FINE LAGER BEER.

Telephones:

Main Office, Harrison 706. Brand Branch, West 285. Bartholomæ & Leicht Branch, North 216. Bartholomæ & Roesing Branch, Main 4079. Ernst Bros. Branch, North 405. K. G. Schmidt Branch, North 409. Val Blatz Chicago Branch, Main 4357.

Fortune Bro.'s Brewing Co.

BREWERS OF

Lager Beer.

Van Buren, Desplaines and Pearce Sts.

OFFICE: 225 DESPLAINES STREET.

CHICAGO.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches. Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

WHEN SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS

Secure Passage by the Old Reliable

CUNARD MAIL LINE

which has been in existence over 56 Years, and Never Lost a Passenger's Life and has made the Fastest Time on Record

5 DAYS 7 Hours 23 Minutes.

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

LUCANIA AND CAMPANIA

620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons. 30,000 H.-P.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power.

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers. Saturday Sailings from New York, Boston and Liverpool, calling at Queenstown.

Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodation on all steamers.

F. G. WHITING, Mgr. Clark and Randolph, Chicago. GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. Madison St., Chicago.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY SATURDAY

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 143 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Agt.

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED BAVARIAN and SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago

BRITISH 19 MAY 97 MUSEUM